CYBERPUNK 2077

WHERE'S JOHNNY

[BARTOSZ SZTYBOR]

[GIANNIS MILONOGIANNIS]

[ROMAN TITOV]

[ADITYA BIDIKAR]

CYBERPUNK
2077

Art by **SEAN PHILLIPS**

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Art by **SEAN PHILLIPS**

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WHAT HAPPENED THIS TIME?

SAME OLD SAME OLD.

HA HA HA! YOU NEVER QUIT, DO YA?

I DO WHAT I GOTTA DO.

SO WHY DIDN'T THEY KILL YA?

THREE YEARS INTO THE FOURTH CORP WAR THEY GOT WISE TO PR.

FOR REAL?! THEY'RE CORPOS THOUGH, MAN. THEY ALWAYS FIND A WAY.

UH-HUH...

MAYBE THEY JUST DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT YOU, WALLACE.

TURN IT UP. MY THING'S ON.

TODAY'S SHOW IS SPONSORED BY...

TO STOP A BAD GUY WITH A GUN...

MALORIAN®

...YOU NEED A BIGGER GUN.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, UNKNOWN PERPETRATORS USED A NUCLEAR DEVICE TO DESTROY ARASAKA TOWERS, LEVELING A SWATH OF NIGHT CITY IN THE BLAST.

ARASAKA--WHICH IS STILL OCCUPYING NIGHT CITY--TRIES TO BOOST ITS PR BY CLEARING TONS OF RADIOACTIVE RUBBLE. BUT ITS GOAL IS TO DO THIS WITHOUT DROPPIN' A SINGLE EDDIE.

I SECRETLY OBSERVED THE EXPLOSION SITE TO REVEAL ARASAKA'S FILTHY PRACTICES.

EACH DAY AT AROUND 5 AM, A DOZEN TRUCKS PULL UP. THEY STAY UNTIL 11 PM--WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

ARASAKA

I TRIED TO FOLLOW THE TRUCKS...

...BUT IT AIN'T EASY DEALIN' WITH CORPOS.

YOU KNOW ME BY NOW--I NEVER GIVE UP. SO I DUG DEEPER, FOUND A TRUCK DRIVER WILLING TO TALK.

HE COULDN'T STAND WHAT ARASAKA WAS DOING ANYMORE.

WITH HIS HELP I DISCOVERED THAT THE HUGE, WEALTHY CORP WAS SMUGGLING IN HUNDREDS OF ILLEGAL WORKERS FROM KOREA.

THEY WERE LIVING IN TERRIBLE CONDITIONS AND MANY HAVE DIED FROM--

I DON'T GIVE A *SHIT!* *GAME'S ON!*

TURN THIS SHIT OFF!

THE MILITECH RANGERS'RE FUCKIN' UP THE ORBAIR FLYERS T'NIGHT!

SHUT UP!

HERE, BIG GUY...

YEAH! RANGERS!

SORRY, WALLACE, THEY JUST DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT THESE THINGS.

YEP...

SAME OLD SAME OLD.

FUCKIN' DRUNKS.

OBSESSED WITH FALSE HEROES.

CHEERING FOR THE MILITECH RANGERS, FIGHTIN' EACH OTHER... IT'S GODDAMN OPIUM FOR THE MASSES.

THEY RESIST WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO OPEN THEIR EYES.

YOU WANNA SLEEP? SLEEP, MOTHERFUCKERS!

BUT REMEMBER... I TRIED TO WAKE YOU UP.

NCART

DAMN ANIMALS... DISGUSTING...

I MADE A PROGRAM A WHILE BACK ABOUT THESE FUCKIN' BEASTS. MILITECH WAS PAYIN' THEM FOR PROTECTION.

WHEN IT WAS AIRED, SOMEONE PROBABLY JUST CHANGED THE CHANNEL, SAYING: "I DON'T GIVE A SHI--"

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT...

"H-U-U-R-K-K!"

A QUICK MORALITY TEST. LET'S ASSUME A MEMBER OF SOME RUTHLESS ORGANIZATION--A GANG OR A CORPO--IS HURTING SOMEONE.

WOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE TO SAVE THAT ONE PERSON?

OR SACRIFICE THAT PERSON FOR THE SAKE OF THE WAR AGAINST THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION?

HELLO, WALLACE.

THE NAME'S CALMNESS.

SOMEONE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

I'M NOT A VERY SOCIAL GUY.

BUT WHEN I MEET SOMEONE WITH A NAME LIKE CALMNESS...

...WITH A BICEP THE SIZE OF MY HEAD...

...AND AN OBVIOUS ADHERENCE TO THE "NEED A BIGGER GUN" MANTRA...

...I'M THE ONE WHO STARTS THE CONVERSATION.

SOOO... WHERE WE HEADED?

WHAT'S YOUR MIDDLE NAME, THEN? SILENCE?

SEEMED LIKE MY QUESTIONS WOULDN'T GET ME ANYWHERE...

...SO I STOPPED ASKING.

I GOT MY ANSWER WHEN WE TURNED ONTO COASTVIEW. AS WE APPROACHED ONE OF THE MANSIONS...

...I KNEW WHO'D CALLED FOR ME.

QUEEN STETSON.

BIG JAZZ STAR.

SHE WAS SOME-THIN' ELSE BACK IN HER DAY.

NOW SHE'S CEO OF A RECORD LABEL THAT ALMOST WENT BUST A FEW MONTHS--

YOU HAD THE WHOLE '90s TO SEE THIS VIDEO.

DID YOU JUST TELL A JOKE, CALMNESS?

SHE'S WAITING.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYE?

SOMEONE SAID YOUR MUSIC SUCKS.

HA HA! THANK YOU FOR PROTECTING MY GOOD NAME. AND FOR COMING HERE.

DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

I ASSUME YOU KNOW JOHNNY SILVERHAND?

HM...MY INTUITION TELLS ME YOU ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER.

MY, YOU'RE A BRIGHT ONE! WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A PARTNER?

PROB'LY SITTIN' ALONE IN MY ROOM, SOBBING INTO A PILLOW.

BUT HELL, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE, *EH?*

I KNOW I SHOULDN'T, SAVE THE VOICE AND ALL THAT-- BUT I JUST LOVE THE SMELL... YOU SMOKE?

THE NIGHT CITY SKYLINE CHANGED AFTER THEY BLEW UP ARASAKA TOWERS.

YOU BROUGHT ME HERE TO CHAT ABOUT URBAN PLANNING?

I HEARD IT WASN'T MILITECH, BUT JOHNNY SILVERHAND AND HIS FRIENDS THAT DID IT.

OR AM I HERE TO GOSSIP?

WORD ON THE STREET IS THE KOREAN ILLEGALS FOUND A FALLOUT SHELTER UNDER THE ARASAKA TOWERS. THERE WERE BODIES INSIDE.

APPARENTLY, THEY SAW SILVERHAND'S CORPSE TOO...THEY OWE YOU, SO MAYBE THEY'LL TELL YOU MORE.

I WANT YOU TO RETRIEVE HIS BODY.

MAY I ASK WHY YOU WANT IT?

I HAVE A COLLECTION OF...*RELICS*, I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL THEM... FROM MUSICIANS I ADMIRE. I WANT JOHNNY'S SILVER *HAND*.

CREEPY HOBBY...

I GUESS CALMNESS HERE WILL USE HER CHARM TO CONVINCE ME.

MY INTUITION TELLS ME IT WON'T TAKE MUCH CONVINCING.

WHY THE FUCK *NOT?!*

TAKE IT EASY, WALLACE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING.

HE WAS THE CEO OF A BIG CORPORATION.

ONE DAY HE WOKE UP WITH A PIG SNOUT.

THAT'S WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGED.

CORPORG

THAT WAS FUCKIN' *TERRIBLE...*

PEOPLE WILL *LOVE* IT!

IT'S AN *EMPTY LAUGH*, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

TELL ME IT'S BETTER THAN A PIECE ABOUT *SILVERHAND'S BODY* IN AN ARASAKA FALLOUT SHELTER! WE COULD *DESTROY* THEM!

THIS JOHNNY IDEA... YOUR SHOW ABOUT ILLEGALS...THE FOURTH CORPORATE WAR'S RAGING IN THE STREETS, PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT FROM US TOO.

THEY WANNA WATCH NICE THINGS. FUNNY THINGS. THEY NEED TO UNWIND, UNPLUG. DISCONNECT FROM REALITY.

YOU WANT THEM TO *DISCONNECT!*

ARASAKA, MILITECH, ORBITAL AIR, THE CORPS WANTS US ALL IN THE DARK!

MY PIECE ABOUT JOHNNY'LL PULL THE WOOL OFF THEIR EYES! SHOW 'EM HOW DEEP THE *ROT* GOES! IT WILL MAKE THE PEOPLE RISE AGAINST ARASAKA!

HOW DO YOU KNOW *CORPORC* WON'T?

ARASAKA'S LIPS'RE SEALED. BUT ON THE STREETS, THEY SAY JOHNNY BLEW UP THE TOWERS. FINDING HIS ACTUAL BODY IN THE DEBRIS, WELL...

ARASAKA ARE AFRAID, I KNOW THEY ARE. THEY'RE LOSING THE WAR WITH MILITECH AND THEY'RE AFRAID THAT THE APPEARANCE OF AN ANTICORPORATE HERO COULD BE THE FINAL NAIL IN THEIR COFFIN. IT COULD END...

I COULD END ARASAKA'S OCCUPATION OF NIGHT CITY.

THESE IDIOTS FROM WNS WON'T BACK ME?...FUCK 'EM! I'LL DO IT MY WAY. AND QUEEN STETSON...

SHE PAYS BETTER THAN THE **WORLD NEWS SERVICE**, ANYWAY.

HER TIP LED ME TO THE ILLEGALS' PLACE. THEY'RE HERE AWAITING DEPORTATION.

KNK KNK

OH, MR. WALLACE... PLEASE... COME IN.

UH...

PLEASE, EAT, IT'S GOOD. PLEASE. IT'S ALL WE CAN DO...

OH...THANKS... BUT I JUST ATE...

LISTEN, I KNOW THEY'RE DEPORTING YOU. I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR THAT...SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE. NOW...

I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU MAY HAVE SEEN SOME... BODIES...

DON'T BE SCARED, ARASAKA CAN'T DO *SHIT!*

I GOT YOUR BACK NOW.

IF THEY TRY SOMETHING, I GOT LOADS OF DIRT ON 'EM, AND THEY WANNA STAY CLEAN.

FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU'RE *SAFE.*

TAKASHI SONO...

HE WAS OUR ONLY CONTACT AT ARASAKA. ANYTHING HAPPENS, WE CALL HIM. THIS TIME WAS NO DIFFERENT.

WE FOUND A DOZEN CORPSES IN THE BASEMENT. TAKASHI...HE WAS INTERESTED IN JUST ONE. A MAN WITH A SILVER HAND.

I'M VERY SORRY, MR. WALLACE...

HE TOOK THE BODY AND TOLD US, "BE QUIET." THAT IS ALL.

DON'T BE. YOU'VE DONE MORE THAN ENOUGH.

DID HE, THOUGH? THERE WAS SOMETHING...OFF... ABOUT THAT ROOM. IT'S LIKE THEY REHEARSED THE WHOLE THING. SOMEBODY MUST'VE THREATENED THEM, TOLD HONG-JIN WHAT TO SAY.

AND THE WAY...

...SHE LOOKED AT ME.

THAT LOOK... I COULDN'T LET IT GO.

I ALMOST DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HER.

NO, I DON'T THINK ME BEING SLOSHED IS RELEVANT.

The ATLANTIS

I ALSO KINDA DOUBT THAT SOMEONE WHO'S SCHEDULED FOR DEPORTATION BACK TO KOREA IN A COUPLE DAYS...

...WOULD BE SLINGIN' BOTTLE SERVICE IN ATLANTIS.

COMIN' IN HOT! WHO'S NEXT?

GUESS I AM.

ATLANTIS

WE GOT A WINNER. WHAT CAN I GET...

...YOU?!

DOUBLE BOLSHEVIK ON THE ROCKS WITH A SPLASH OF THE TRUTH.

I'M SORRY... WE ARE NOT BAD PEOPLE...WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU, BUT...

SOMEONE GOT THERE FIRST.

PLEASE DON'T BLAME US...WE WERE TRYING TO PROTECT OURSELVES...

YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE. YOUR EYES DON'T LIE...

THERE REALLY WERE SOME BODIES IN THAT SHELTER, WE CALLED THE COPS SOON AS WE SAW THEM. WE LATER HEARD THERE WERE TWELVE... THEY TOOK THEM ALL AWAY.

TAKASHI SONO WAS ANGRY WE CALLED THE POLICE, HE BEAT HONG-JIN...

IS THAT WHY HONG-JIN LIED?

NO...A FEW DAYS AGO SOMEONE CALLED...DON'T KNOW WHO...

THEY PROMISED ARASAKA WOULDN'T DEPORT US IF WE TOLD ANYONE WHO ASKS THAT WE SAW THAT "*SILVERHAND*" GUY.

THAT'S ALL I KNOW...

WANT MY ADVICE?

IF YOU STAY IN NIGHT CITY, LEARN TO *LIE*.

IT'S GOOD CURRENCY HERE.

WHO WOULD BRIBE ILLEGAL WORKERS TO LIE ABOUT SOME ARASAKA GUY HAVING SILVERHAND'S BODY?

MAYBE MILITECH WANTS TO FUCK WITH ARASAKA'S PR...? IT'S TRYING EVERY ANGLE TO WIN THIS WAR.

TO BE HONEST, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT.

I JUST WANT TO FIND SILVER-HAND'S BODY.

UGH, DAMN YOU, WALLACE!

AMY, *WAIT!* I BROUGHT YOUR FAVORITE!

BUMELANT. IMPORT, NOT THE SHIT THEY SELL HERE.

HUMOR ME. JUST ONE QUESTION.

HERE'S TO--

CUT THE CRAP, WALLACE! WHAT DO YOU *WANT*?!

I KNOW ABOUT THE FALLOUT SHELTER UNDER ARASAKA TOWERS. I NEED YOU TO TELL ME WHICH MORGUE'S GOT THE STIFFS?

FUCK YOU, WALLACE! YOU'RE A SCUMBAG WHO SHOULD BE ROTTING IN JAIL, YOU KNOW THAT?

HEY, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

THAT WAS ALL YOU, WALLACE!

I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGED... THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D STOPPED BEING A SELFISH PRICK...

BUT NOPE! THIS IS WAR, PEOPLE ARE DYING, AND YOU'RE STILL THE SAME STUPID EGOISTIC CORP-FIGHTING WANNABE HERO YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN.

FUCK YOU! I WOULDN'T BE OUT THERE FIGHTING CORPS IF YOU DID YOUR JOB!

WHY'RE THEY BEING DEPORTED THEN, HMM?!

...IT WAS ANOTHER SELF-PROMO SHTICK ABOUT HOW BRAVE YOU ARE TAKING ON ARASAKA!

DIDN'T YOU SEE MY LAST PIECE ABOUT THOSE ILLEGAL WORKERS? THE NCPD'S A BUNCH OF LAZY FUCKSTICKS!

THAT WASN'T A PIECE ABOUT POOR, DISADVANTAGED ILLEGAL WORKERS...

EZRAH WAS ONCE A LIVING LEGEND.

NOW HE'S A HELL OF A GOOD RIPPERDOC.

IT'S A DIRTY JOB.

BUT EZRAH'S SEEN IT ALL.

SAME AS EVERYONE ELSE AT TRAUMA TEAM.

AS EX-TT, HE KNOWS ALL THE MORGUE PEOPLE IN NIGHT CITY.

BEEN A WHILE, EZRAH.

GOT BLOOD ON YOUR FACE, YOU KNOW THAT?

NICE SHINER. VERY SUAVE.

HA HA HA!

GUESS YOU'RE NOT HERE FOR CHITCHAT.

A RIPPERDOC *AND* A MIND READER, *EH?* YOU'RE A MAN OF MANY TALENTS, EZRAH... FLATTERY ASIDE, I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK... I NEED AN IN WITH YOUR CONTACTS AT THE MORGUES.

YEAH, WELL, ALTRUISM AIN'T ONE OF THOSE *"MANY TALENTS,"* FEEL ME?

1,000 EDDIES?

THE WORLD NEWS SERVICE GIVE YOU A RAISE, OR WHAT?

OR WHAT?

WHY EXACTLY ARE YOU HERE?

I NEED TO FIND OUT WHICH MORGUE RECEIVED THE ARASAKA TOWERS DEAD.

I CAN MAKE SOME CALLS.

I'D LIKE TO BE INVITED INSIDE. DEAL?

DEAL.

LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS IS BOOMING.

THE KIDS SAW THIS NEW AD FOR CYTECH CYBERNETIC HANDS. NOW I GOT MORE'N TEN KILOS OF MEAT IN THE FRIDGE...

TWELVE STIFFS.

THERE WERE TWELVE CORPSES IN THE SHELTER AT ARASAKA TOWERS.

I'VE SEEN ELEVEN OF 'EM.

NO DICE ON JOHNNY.

THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE.

WHAT THE *FUCK*, DUDE?!

EZRAH TOLD ME FIVE MINUTES. YOU'VE BEEN HERE *TWENTY,* 'N' YOU'RE MEDITATING OVER THESE BODIES LIKE A FUCKIN' *PERV!*

ONE MORE. THEN I'M OUTTA YOUR HAIR.

DUDE, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO *BABYSIT* YOU!

LEARN FROM YOUR FRIENDS HERE.

THEY'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

FUCK...

DUDE, I SAID *AFTER* MIDNIGHT!

WHY YOU FREAKIN'? ARE WE...

...INTERRUPTIN'?

HOW'S IT GOIN'?

WHO THE FUCK IS *THAT?!*

WHO THE FUCK'RE *YOU?!*

CALL ME MR. NOBODY.

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN DEALING.

IN WETWARE, ORGANS, OR... WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLING *"FASHION"* THESE DAYS...

SO...I'LL JUST BE ON MY WAY, KIDS. AND LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR TOYS.

HOLD IT!

THE FUCK YOU KNOW ABOUT US?

REALLY, SON? WELL, YOUR... UNIFORM...DEFINITELY GAVE YOU AWAY.

YEAH! TOLD YOU WE GOT THE 'FIT RIGHT, BOSS!

SHUT UP!

NOW THAT'S SETTLED, I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

I BET THERE'S AN EMPTY FRIDGE HERE...

...WITH *YOUR* NAME ON IT!

THEN YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW TO TURN OFF THE SAFETY ON THIS MILITECH PEASHOOTER.

HUH?!

KRAK

MOTHER--

-WHUCK

AND STAY DOWN!

YOU...YOU... YOU...!

WHOA NOW, PUT THAT AWAY.

YES, DUDE, CALM THE FUCK DOWN.

YOU...YOU... YOU FUCKIN' KILLED 'IM!

HE'S NOT DEAD, HE'S JUST *SLEEPING*, BUDDY.

I DON'T FUCKIN' *BELIEVE* YOU!

OKAY, OKAY, CALM DOWN. I PROMISE YOUR FRIEND ISN'T DEAD. PUT YOUR GUN DOWN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

NO! YOU'RE A FUCKIN' *LIAR!* YOU TRICKED *HIM* AND YOU'RE TRYIN' TO TRICK *ME!*

YOU'RE *ALL LIARS!* TREAT US SCAVENGERS LIKE *SHIT!* LIKE WE'RE *GUTTER RATS!* YOU...YOU...

CALM *DOWN,* KID. I KNOW YOU'RE ANGRY, BUT I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY.

WASN'T ME WHO GAVE YOU A DISCOUNT ON YOUR FIRST IMPLANT THEN MADE EVERY UPDATE MORE AND MORE EXPENSIVE.

WASN'T ME WHO MADE THE SOFTWARE OBSOLETE AFTER EACH UPDATE SO YOU HAD TO UPGRADE!

YOU AND I...WE HAVE THE *SAME ENEMY!*

WE DO? *W-WHO?*

THE FUCKIN' *CORPORATIONS,* THAT'S WHO! 'CUZ OF *THEM* YOU'RE LIFTING WETWARE OFF CORPSES!

WHAT ELSE *CAN* YOU DO? NIGHT CITY KID LIKE YOU? THIS PLACE WON'T GIVE YOU *NOTHIN'* YOU DON'T TAKE FOR YOURSELF!

SHIT...Y-YOU'RE *RIGHT...*YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND ME...

OH...REALLY?

YES, REALLY.

WHAT?!

WHICH PART SHOULD I REPEAT? THE ONE ABOUT THE KOREANS BEING BLACK-MAILED TO LIE? OR THE ONE ABOUT JOHNNY'S BODY BEING A *RED HERRING?*

WHY ARE YOU SO SURE THE GIRL WASN'T LYING?

WHY WOULD SHE LIE?

ARASAKA CAN PAY THE PRICE OF ANY LIE. ENOUGH TO GIVE A GIRL A GOOD LIFE IN NIGHT CITY.

THEN MAYBE *YOU'RE* THE LIAR.

AND WHY WOULD *I* LIE?

YOU'RE SURPRISINGLY PISSED OFF THAT I WENT OFF BOOK!

PLEASE SIT DOWN, WALLACE.

I'M GOOD...

...'N' FED *UP* WITH THIS SHIT. THERE'S NO BODY, SO MY WORK IS DONE HERE. *ENOUGH!*

AS YOU WISH, WALLACE. I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MAKE A CHANGE...BUT I SEE YOU PREFER THE SECURITY OF YOUR INCONSEQUENTIAL LIFE.

GO HOME, SLEEP, TAKE A BREAK.

THE CORPS'LL STILL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK.

THEY'LL BE HERE FOR FUCKIN' *EVER... FOREVER!*

EVEN *NUKES* WON'T CHANGE A *THING!*

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT NUKING ANYTHING, WALLACE. YOU HAVE AN OPEN TAB!

CHANGE.

HOW DO YOU MAKE A CHANGE?!

BY EXPOSING HOW DEEP THE ROT GOES? BY NUKING HALF A CITY? BY FINDING A BODY THAT DOESN'T EVEN EXIST? FUCK THAT. IT'S...

...IMPOSSIBLE... NOT POSSIBLE... WHAAAA...TEVER YOU...YOU DO...YOU WOOON'T CHANGE ANYYYYTHING...NO CHANGE...

FUCK...THAT! FUCK STET... STETSON! FUCK ARASA...SUCKERS! AND MO...OST OF ALL FUUUUCK--

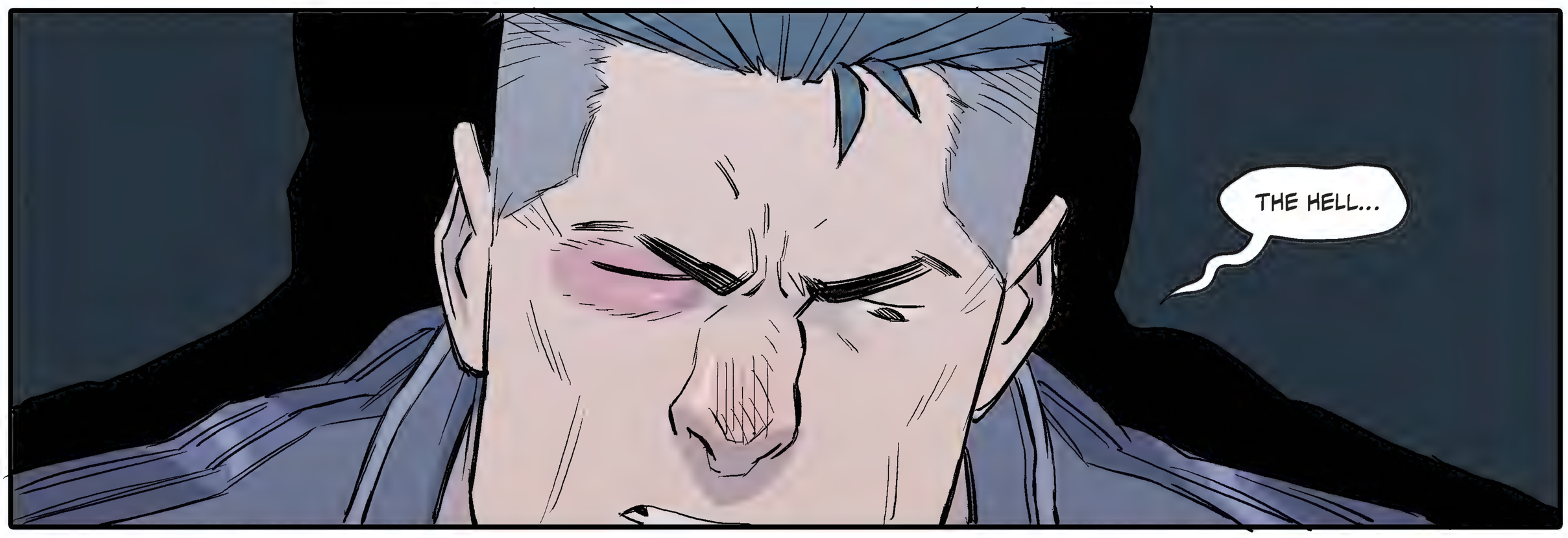
DEAD END

DEA

WALLACE?

WHA...AAT... HUHHH...

...FUUUUUU...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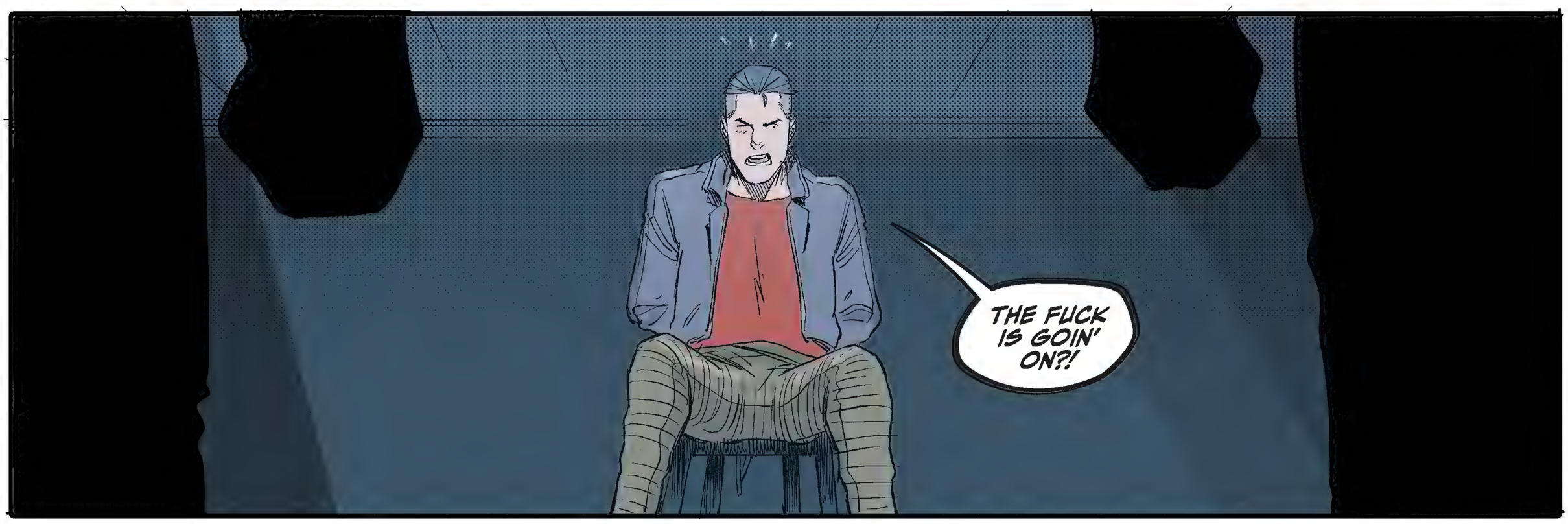
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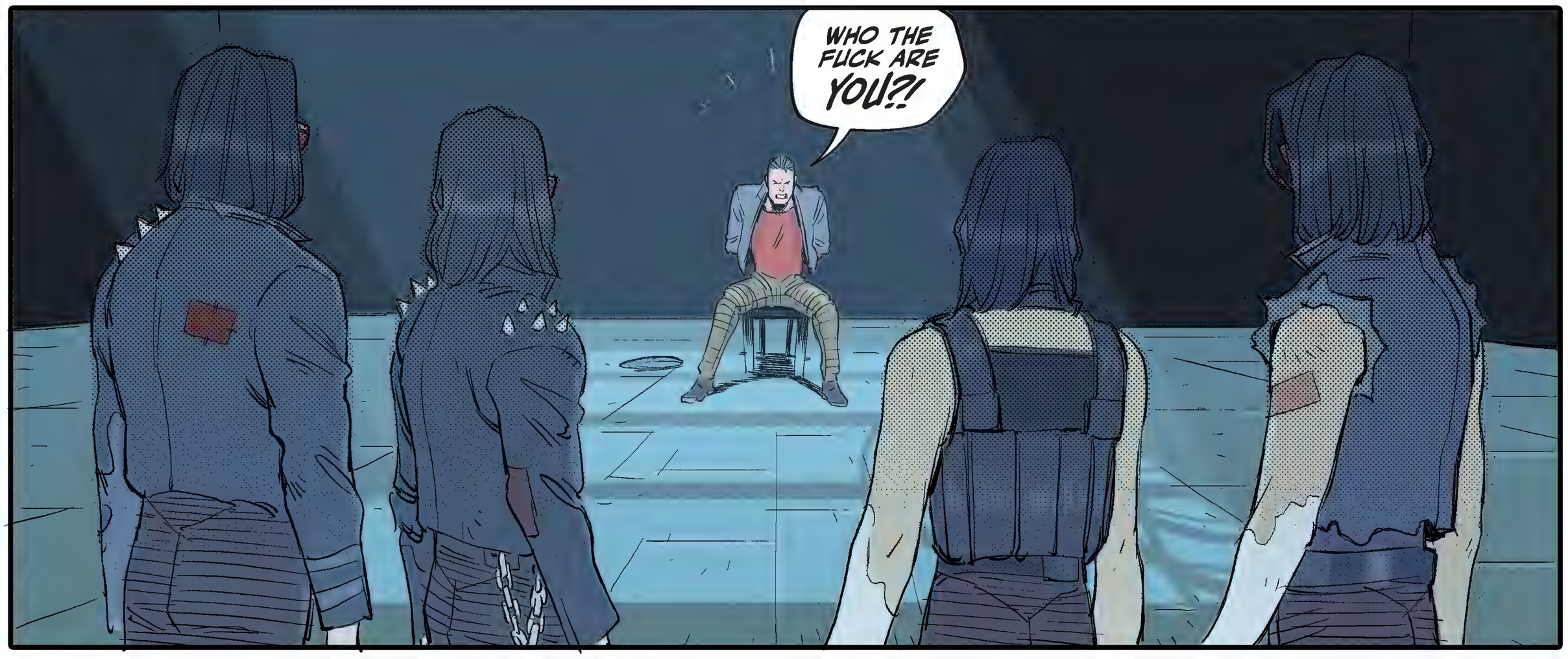
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!

WE'RE THE SILVERHANDS!!

HA HA HA!
OH MAN, I *NEEDED* THAT!

HEY MAN, DON'T LAUGH.
WE JUST WANT TO *HELP* YOU!

HELP ME?! BY ATTACKING ME AND TYING ME UP?!

YOU WERE SO DRUNK YOU PASSED OUT. THEN YOU TRIED TO FIGHT US WHEN WE TOUCHED YOU. THEN YOU WENT FULLY COMATOSE FOR ALMOST TWELVE--

OKAY, OKAY... SPARE ME THE DETAILS...

WE WANT TO HELP YOU RETRIEVE JOHNNY'S BODY FROM SONO THE THIEF.

TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT SILVERHAND'S *SACRIFICE.* AND KICK-START HIS *ANTICORPORATE REVOLUTION!*

DID *SHE* SEND YOU?!

WHAT?! NOBODY *SENT* US.

WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THE BODY AND TAKASHI SONO?

IT WAS AN *ANONYMOUS TIP.*

SHIT...

GO HOME, KIDS, YOU'VE BEEN *PLAYED.*

WE ALL WERE...

ONE QUESTION...

WHY "*THE SILVERHANDS*"? WHAT WAS IT ABOUT JOHNNY?

HIS MUSIC...OUR SORROW WAS HIS SORROW, OUR PAIN HIS...

...HE HELPED US FIND A WAY TO CHANNEL THE PAIN. HE UNDERSTOOD US.

AND HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR US...

THAT'S WHY WE FIGHT THE CORPORATIONS!

SHIT... SHOULD'VE LEARNT TO SING...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT ADS COULDN'T GET TO ME.

STARTED SMOKING VARGAS CIGARETTES NOT BECAUSE I SAW A CYBERPUNK LIGHTING ONE WITH A STICK OF DYNAMITE ON A BILLBOARD, BUT BECAUSE I'D HAD A SHITTY DAY.

I HAVE TO ADMIT NOW THAT I DID LEARN ONE THING FROM ADS.

IF A BAD GIRL HAS A GUN...

WHAT THE...

...YOU NEED A BIGGER GUN.

I'M SORRY...

FIRST OF ALL, I'M DONE WITH THIS JOB, SO DON'T BOTHER. SECOND OF ALL, THE SILVERHANDS? FOR REAL? AND LAST OF ALL, WHY THE FUCK ME?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

WELL, IF YOU DON'T, YOU BETTER START LOOKING FOR ANOTHER BODYGUARD.

IT AIN'T EASY TO MAKE A PROFIT FROM A MUSIC COMPANY IN THIS TOWN.

COURSE, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU FACTOR IN COASTVIEW RENT.

BUT THERE'S A HAPPY ENDING, RIGHT? I BET SOMEONE KNEW...

...HOW TO BRIBE A GIRL WITH A GOOD LIFE IN NIGHT CITY?

ARASAKA HELPED MY LABEL. I SAVED MANY AMAZING ARTISTS WITH THEIR BACKING.

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A BIG SOFTY!

I'M ALSO GUESSING YOU USED JOHNNY'S BODY TO LURE ME.

WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS: WHY *ME?* WHAT DO *I* HAVE TO DO WITH THIS SONO GUY YOU WANTED ME TO MEET SO BADLY?

HE'S AN ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTOR AT ARASAKA, A KNOWN PSYCHOPATH, PROBABLY A MURDERER TOO.

MY FRIENDS FROM THE COMPANY... DISLIKE HIM VERY MUCH. A FEW YEARS AGO, THEY WOULD PROBABLY HAVE KILLED HIM BUT--

THREE YEARS INTO THE FOURTH CORP WAR THEY GOT WISE TO PR.

EXACTLY. THEY COULDN'T GET HIM FIRED, SO THEY GOT CREATIVE. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN...YOU WOULDN'T WORK FOR THEM, OF COURSE, SO THEY ASKED ME TO RETURN A FAVOR.

AND HOW COULD AN "*INCONSEQUENTIAL*" GUY LIKE ME TAKE DOWN A MAJOR CORPO?

AFTER YOUR PROGRAM ABOUT ILLEGALS, HE LOST SOME FRIENDS.

THEY HOPED YOU WOULD START DIGGING AROUND. SNIFF OUT SONO'S DARKEST SECRETS AND MAKE HIM LOSE MORE FRIENDS...

YOUR EYE'S LOOKIN' BETTER.

YOU KNOW WHAT'S MORE *IMPORTANT?!*

THAT *YOU WERE WRONG!*

WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU *TALKIN'* ABOUT?!

ARASAKA!

THEY *DO* GIVE A FUCK ABOUT ME!

I'M GONNA *CHANGE THE FUCKIN' WORLD!*

THEN *DO IT* AND *SHUDDUP,* MOTHERFUCKER! I DON'T *GIVE* A SHIT!

YOU WANNA SLEEP?

SLEEP, MOTHERFUCKER!

OH HELL NO!

YOU RUINED MY FAVORITE DINER IN THE WHOLE FUCKIN' CITY.

PLEASE, AMY...

THAT'S ONE YEAR IN PRISON, NO PAROLE.

A GIRL NEEDS OUR HELP.

SWEAR THERE'S NO CORP INVOLVED?

UHH... WELL...

FUCK YOU, WALLACE. JUST...FUCK YOU.

NO, AMY, LISTEN! I FOUND A JANE DOE AND YOU NEED TO FIND HER MURDERER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JANE DOE?

ONE OF THE ARASAKA STIFFS, BUT SHE DIDN'T DIE IN THE EXPLOSION... SOMEONE SLIT HER THROAT AND HID THE EVIDENCE. AND HER.

STILL GOT THAT IMPORTED BUMELANT?

AFTER THE KOREANS CALLED US, WE FOUND THE BODIES OF ELEVEN JANITORS AND MAINTENANCE WORKERS IN THAT SHELTER. THEY SUFFOCATED THERE DURING THE EXPLOSION...

THE GIRL'S BODY WAS IN A LOCKED ROOM. IT HAD BEEN THERE FOR DAYS BEFORE THE BLAST.

WE HAD THE CORPSES BAGGED AND TAKEN TO THE MORGUE. THEN THIS ASSHOLE FROM ARASAKA BLOCKED OUR INVESTIGATION. *"ARASAKA PROPERTY,"* HE SAID...

OUR HANDS ARE TIED, WALLACE.

AMY, LISTEN TO ME! I HAVE A SUSPECT! YOU NEED TO TALK TO TAKASHI SONO, HE'S AN ADMINISTRATIVE--

WE ***KNOW*** HIM--HE'S THE ONE WHO CLOSED OUR INVESTIGATION. DISGUSTING MOTHERFUCKER. I'M CERTAIN HE KNOWS ABOUT THE GIRL. BUT HE WON'T TALK.

CAN *I* TRY?

YOU'LL GET ARRESTED IF YOU EVEN TOUCH HIM.

HEY, I'M A SCUMBAG WHO SHOULD BE ***ROTTING IN JAIL,*** REMEMBER?

"IT'S NOT WORTH IT, WALLACE. IF IT'S NOT SONO, HE'S COVERING FOR A HIGH CORPO. WE WON'T ARREST HIM.

"BESIDES, ARASAKA IS LOSING GROUND AGAINST MILITECH BIGTIME. I HEARD THEY'LL BE OUT OF NIGHT CITY END OF THE YEAR, LATEST BY 2024."

"THEY WILL BE HERE FOREVER, YOU KNOW THAT...ANYWAY, WE NEED TO ASK HIM ABOUT HER, FIND OUT THE GIRL'S NAME AT LEAST. HER FAMILY SHOULD KNOW."

"IF YOU'RE JUST HERE FOR THEIR *'THANK YOU,'* THAT'S OKAY. BUT IT WON'T CHANGE SHIT."

"MAYBE THAT'S THE CHANGE THIS CITY NEEDS, AMY..."

"WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS IS A BIGGER NUKE... MAKE AN EPISODE ABOUT IT, WALLACE. YOU'LL LIVE LONGER."

GOOD EVENING, MR. SONO. YOUR TABLE IS WAITING.

EXCUSE ME, BUT WHAT THE *HELL* DO YOU THINK YOU'RE--

SHUT UP...

...AND LISTEN.

SOME OF YOUR... COLLEAGUES... WANT ME TO FUCK YOU UP. I COULD EASILY DO IT, BUT I WON'T IF YOU TELL ME JUST ONE THING.

THE GIRL WITH HER THROAT CUT. IN THE FALLOUT SHELTER.

AHH, I *KNEW* I'D SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE!

YOU'RE THAT JOURNALIST WHO HATES THE CORPORATIONS!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WORKED FOR ARASAKA...

YOU WANT A DRINK?

I DON'T DRINK.

AH, YES, ABOUT THE GIRL...I DON'T REMEMBER HER WELL... SHE WAS A GOOD RIDE, IF I RECALL. SPIRITED.

NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHO SHE WAS. AND WHO *KILLED* HER.

A QUICK MORALITY TEST. LET'S ASSUME A MEMBER OF SOME RUTHLESS ORGANIZATION--A GANG OR A CORPO--IS HURTING SOMEONE.

SHE WAS A GEISHA DOLL, A *TOY.* ERASED PERSONALITY, NO NAME, NO FAMILY.

WHO KILLED HER, YOU PIECE OF SHIT?!

WOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE TO SAVE THAT ONE PERSON?

WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW, *HUH?!* WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT A NAMELESS WHORE? NOBODY *ELSE* DOES!

OR SACRIFICE THAT PERSON FOR THE SAKE OF THE WAR AGAINST THE WHOLE ORGANIZATION?

SURE, PLAY THE HERO AND AVENGE HER! LISTEN, MAN, YOU'D BE DOING SOME ARASAKA AND MILITECH BIGWIGS A *HUGE FAVOR* IF YOU TOUCH ME!

CORPORG

WHAT THE *FUCK,* MAN, SHE WAS A NOBO--

EH... YOU PROBABLY DON'T GIVE A SHIT! **GAME'S ON!**

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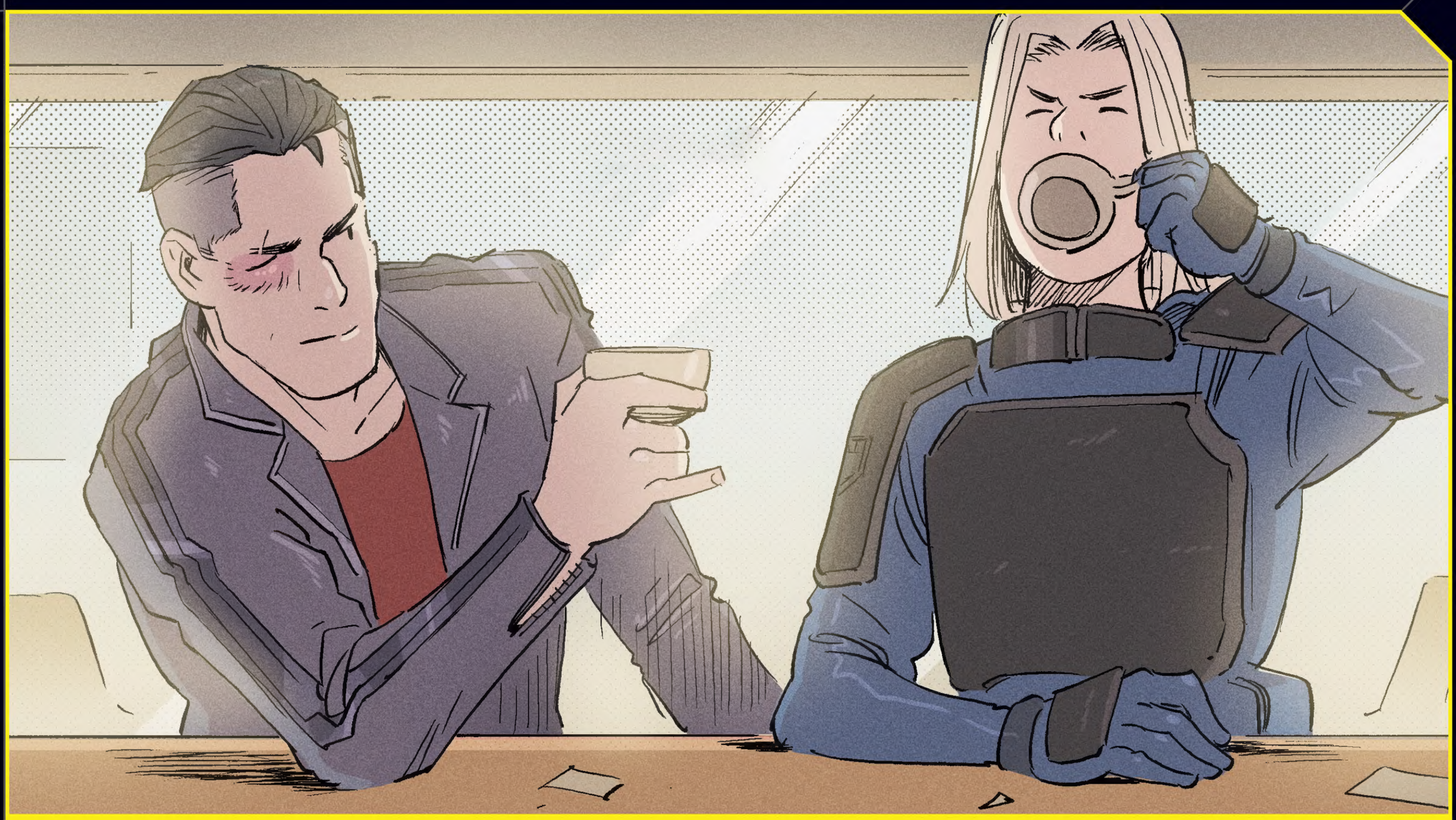
COMICS & GRAPHIC NOVELS / Media Tie-In

CYBERPUNK 2077

WHERE'S JOHNNY



A HARD-BOILED JOURNALIST BENT ON TAKING DOWN THE CORRUPT CORPORATIONS OF NIGHT CITY FINALLY GETS HIS CHANCE TO DO IT. Somebody nuked the headquarters of a major corporation, and rumor has it, it was the infamous Johnny Silverhand. The streets are buzzing that he's dead and his body remains at the bottom of the nuked tower. The reporter's job: find the body. But is he dead or is it just hearsay? The streets of Night City talk, and a corporate downfall is just the beginning.

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"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"